

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901,

PRICE 2 CENTS

To Gain "INDEPENDENCE" you must have "GOLD COIN."

SECURE BOTH BY BUYING STOCK IN

THE COPPER ROCK GOLD MINING & MILLING CO.

Now selling at 20 cents per share par value \$1.00 and NON-ASSESSABLE. The price will shortly be ADVANCED to 30 CENTS per share. The property is located 30 miles Northwest of Denver on the COLORADO, NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD (the shortest, easiest, cheapest and best trans- portation). Have ABOUNDANCE OF WATER for all Mining and Milling purposes. TIMMER ENOUGH for the Mine for many years to come.

Shaft is now 250 feet deep and is being sunk to 500 feet level as fast as possible and has been in ore nearly the entire distance. The drifts already have opened up good bodies of both Milling and Smelting Ore, running in values from \$4.29 to \$118.95 per ton in Gold, Silver and Copper.

Several of the stockholders, who were induced to buy stock by the officers of the Company, recently visited the property and have given a strong endorsement same and all representations as made to them concerning the Enterprise.

Send in your order now before stock advances, as right to raise prices without notice is reserved.

GEO. F. HATHAWAY,

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

153 Milk Street, Boston.

OUR BEST
MAINE CORN
CUT TO
3. Can. 90c. Dozen.

THIS CORN IS STRICTLY HIGH-GRADE
and is usually sold at 12c. to 15c.

We have several cars of CANNED GOODS
bought to arrive and make the above unusually
low price to close out what we have in stock be-
fore we receive the new goods.

mes' Branch Butter Store,
35 CONGRESS ST.

her stores:—Boston, Fitchburg, Quincy, Everett, Leominster, Attleboro, Gloucester, Clinton, Nashua, Newburyport, Woburn, Dover.

Parents

We announce our regular clearance sale of
boys' and children's suits for school wear,
including suits for boys of all ages from
four to sixteen.

The prices have been placed at \$1.85 and
\$2.85, or about one-half regular price.

Henry Peyser & Son.

AUTOMOBILE
SUPPLIES

AT

A. P. WENDELL & CO.
2 MARKET SQUARE.

ERALD ABS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

CITY MOURNS!

Pays Fitting Tribute To
Dead President.



All Business Suspended For the Day.—The
Mass Memorial Services at Music Hall in
the Afternoon the Most Impressive Ever
Held in This City.

Portsmouth, with the entire nation
and with the whole civilized world,
went into mourning on Thursday and
paid tribute to the honored memory of
its dead president, the late illustrious
William McKinley, the nation's twenty-
fifth chief magistrate, and the third to
fall by the hand of an assassin.

The city was in solemn silence during
the day and in darkness at night. It
was a day notable in the history of the
city. No living person in the city has
seen its equal in impressive events. It
is hoped that none may be obliged to
repeat the experiences of this period of
national, even universal sorrow.

All classes, persons of all creeds and
parties and from all walks of life within
the borders of our small seaport com-
munity united in doing homage to an
honorable life, honorable both in public
service and in the home, and praised the
example of the nation's representative
head, and it was told in words befitting
the occasion.

The day was full of grandly solemn
things. Public and private life was rep-
resented in the exercises. The army

and the navy, those skilled in the arts of
war, mingled with those from the more
peaceful paths, in the common cause, on
a significant occasion.

The tolling bells, the measured belching
of the guns, the muffled drums, the
sacred songs and the respectful atten-
tion of all the people, in church and hall
were unusual and most sad.

Thirty-eight hundred persons crowded
themselves into Music hall at one of the
greatest mass memorial meetings ever
held here. Several hundred more were
at the North Congregational church at
an overflow meeting. This great per-
centage of the population of Portsmouth
listened to the lessons of the event and
heard with appreciative sense the in-
spiring utterances of thoughtful and re-
ligious men, who told of the noble char-
acter of the man the nation now
mourns.

Signs of mourning were on every side.
All over the city there were emblems of
grief. A week before the people had
begun to realize that hope was fading, that
the beloved president was dying.

A week of cheering news was followed
by the announcement of the dreaded re-
sult of the act that shocked the nation.
The grief that followed was soon evi-
denced in the display of black.

The scene at the hall then was one
never before witnessed in its history.
Every available inch of space had been
occupied. The aisles, the vacant spaces
up and down stairs, on the stage, in the
wings and halls had been filled and
crowded. It was absolutely impossible
for more to have been accommodated in
any part of the building.

All of the patriotic and veteran orga-
nizations of the city were represent-
ed. Storer Post, No. 1, of the Grand
Army of the Republic; General Gilman
Marston Command of the Union Veter-
ans Union; Company B of the New
Hampshire National Guard; William J.
Wood Camp, Veterans of the Spanish
War; Storer Relief Corps; Harriet P.
Dame Union; the Army Corps from
Fort Constitution; the marines and sail-
ors from the navy yard and from the
ships at this station and the officers of
the yard, were on the stage.

The members of these organizations
and the naval and military officers and
men were in full dress uniforms, with
mourning badges and regulation em-
blems of respect. On either end of the
stage were four sailors and four mar-
ines, guards of honor, representing their
forces, and standing during the exercises.

His Honor, Mayor Edward E. McIn-
tire, who presided on this most unusual
occasion, was seated in the center of
the first row, while on his right was
Rear Admiral Read, U. S. N., and in
the same string of seats were the clergymen
of the city, representing all the
faiths. Also seated on the stage were
the members of both branches of the
city government, a large number of
prominent citizens and ladies. Each
person had a mourning badge. The
flags were draped and furled and the
march to and from the hall was made to
the deaden tones of the drums.

When Mayor McIntire stepped to the
front of the stage, after Renewald's
Naval band had performed the Dead
March, there was a silence that was re-
markable, the almost four thousand peo-
ple being hushed as one person.

The exercises at the hall lasted for
two hours. The impressions of that
time cannot be told in one paper. The
hall echoed with solemn words and sen-
tences of praise. Those who were there
understand what a magnificent occasion
it was. It will ever be remembered.
It seemed so strange, or unreal, yet so
real and so terrible. Then if not be-
fore, was it realized what a blow had
befallen this great republic, and what
an awful deed had again blackened the
page of history, and the worth of the
man the people were honoring.

The programme of the exercises at
Music hall were as follows:

1. Music, "Dead March in Saul,"
Renewald's Naval Band.
2. Invocation, with Lord's Prayer by the
People,
Rev. George E. Leighton.
3. Hymn, "Man Frost, and God Eternal,"
with audience standing,
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years thy name.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
In thou our guide while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

4. Address,
His Honor, Mayor Edward E. McIntire.
With sadness in our hearts at the tragic
death of our late Chief Magistrate, we
gather here to do homage to him. While
I speak to you today, the body of the dead
President lies at his home in Canton honored and loved by his countrymen.

I know how hard it is to do it rightly,
how hard it is to do it worthily, but I
speak with confidence because I speak to
those who love him and whose love will
fill out the difference which my words
may weakly try to draw. Let our people
bend with solemn thoughtfulness and do
homage to one who was slain in a day of
peace and happiness by the hand of a cowardly assassin and let us
show our bereavement to his family by
mourning and prayer. We must accept
the inevitable. "It is God's way." His
will be done.

5. Scripture Selections, 15:1, Chapter 15.
Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.

Rev. Henry E. Hovey.

6. Hymn, "Never, My God, To Thee,"
Never, my God, to thee, nearer to thee;
Even though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Sigheth my song shall be,—
Never, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Thought like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darts his coruscations over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I go,
Never, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

There let the way appear stony unto heaven;

All that thou sendest me in mercy given;

Angels to beckon me.

Never, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

7. Prayer,
Rev. Thomas Whitehead.

8. Music, "Lead Kindly Light,"
Male Quartette,
Charles W. Gray, H. P. Montgomery,
G. E. Philbrick, Harold Noyes.

9. Address,
John H. Partlett, Esq.

When the mournful toll of the church
bells broke out upon the stillness of the
night, and startled us from our sleeping
to tell us our President was dead, who,
with heart so cold, did not shed a tear in
the loneliness and sadness of that
hour, and feel that in some real, though
distant way, his life had met with a
personal loss! Our hope, now bright,
now dull, clung to vain, had flickered
and gone out, and we were left in
gloom, as every sound of the sighing
bells emphasized the sad reality.

To us the story of his life had become
so familiar, the lessons of his greatness
so real, and the possibility of his earthly
parting so touching, that we had
come to think ourselves in some way his
personal friends, passing through the
terrible tragedy with him.

We are pausing today beside the bier
and the open grave. In the distant
cemetery near the scenes of his child-
hood days the broken-hearted wife and
kin are now laying away the husband
and brother and friend. May God
grant that the tender spirit of the de-
ceased does not have to be grieved by
knowing the misery of the wife he has
left behind, and may her grief be lightened
at the reflection of his beautiful
life.

And what a life was his! Who does
not love to hear its stories and catch
glimpses of its grandeur? Roll back the

years when many of you were boys and
many of us were unborn—William McKinley,
a boy unknown and unheralded,
dreaming the dreams of youth and am-
bition, as you have often read, and won-
dering, amid all, what the world had in
store for him, just as your boyhood days
and mine have done. No luxury attended
him, the world had its hardships and its
duties, and he toiled and struggled
among them with the same brave hope
that marked his later days. His good,
old Mother McKinley early learned to
lean hard upon the faithful arm of her
boy, William, and thank God she lived
to see the child of her bosom rewarded
for his faithfulness and devotion.

Veterans of the Civil war, do you not
remember the thrill that pierced your
boyhood spirit as the immortal Lincoln
called for brave sons to defend the
Union? That same call rang over the
state of Ohio as well as New Hampshire,
and the same thrill stirred the heart of
that brave boy from Ohio as moved you
to your Country's call.

As you were leaving your New Hamp-
shire homes and saying your last fare-
wells, he, too, was leaving the home he
loved, to answer the higher call of duty.
You met him on the bloody fields of
battle at Antietam, Carnifex Ferry, and
many another place. You passed through
those terrible years with him. You were
cast down at the same defeats and glor-
ified in the same victories. You loved the
same leaders, you hated the same treach-

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

No Grippe, Pain

Or discomfort, no irritation of the
intestines—but gentle, prompt, thorough
healthful cleansing, when you take

Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A WEALTHY AMERICAN WOMAN WHO MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN.

Why They Were Going—Training Japanese Singing Girls—Angular English Women—Curious Proposals—The Countess von Waldersse.

From Ocean View, on the cliffs at New- port, Thomas Shaw Safe can look across the blue sea toward England and con- gratulate himself that he is married one of the richest women in the world. Miss Harriet lives Gammell. Mrs. Safe, a charming woman, is the daughter of the late William Gammell of Providence, R. I., who owned much real estate at New-



MRS. THOMAS SHAW SAFE.

port. She is an expert housewoman and driver and fond of out of door recreation. Her fortune has been variously estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Mr. Safe, an Englishman, is said to be an explorer of note and to have a considerable fortune.

He was in Newport in the summer of 1899 when Miss Gammell's horse ran away, and, line whip as she is, she was thrown from the cart she was driving. She suffered severely from shock, besides, her arm was sprained.

The accident gave Mr. Safe the opportunity to prove his devotion. His constant attentions won the heart of the heiress, and their engagement was soon announced.

Mrs. Safe is not the only one of her family whom an Englishman has been lucky enough to win. Her sister is the wife of Arthur Herbert of the British diplomatic corps.

Why They Were Going.

A half dozen women were seated in their steamer chairs, well wrapped in cloaks and rugs, on the deck of one of the great ocean liners. As the long afternoon crept by they exchanged disjointed confidences as to their plans for the summer in Europe.

"It is my first visit," said a middle aged, bright eyed woman. "I have to make real a thousand people who have always been dreams to me, from Charlemagne to Queen Victoria. I am going to stand in the houses where Scott and Kents and Lamb and Thackeray lived. I am going into Savoyards' cell and Dante's garret and the hut that Francis of Assisi thought God had set aside for him at the beginning of the world."

"Dear me!" said a young woman near by. "I am going over to get some new ideas for posties. That is my branch of art, and Paris is the place to study it."

Two women at the end of the line of recumbent figures were also discussing their plans.

"My sister and I," said one, "hope to spend the summer in the great cathedral towns. An hour alone in York or Canterbury is more helpful to me than any formal service."

"I never took any interest in architecture," said her neighbor, a pretty young girl. "Mamma and I run over to Paris every year to arrange our wardrobes for the next season. You really cannot trust any of the dressmakers with orders. I always superintend my own gowns and hats. Notre Dame? No, I don't care for it. Gloomy old place! I did the churches and galleries when I was a schoolgirl. I've done with them now."

In every company of Americans that go abroad there must, of course, be a diversity of tastes and wide differences in the point of view. Let us hope that the ratio of those whose ambitions are worthy and useful may be, as in this case, three to one.—*Youth's Companion*.

Training Japanese Singing Girls.

Children who are destined to a musical career commence at an early age, and their experience is painful. They are required to sing, or, rather, screech, at the top of their voices for hours at a stretch, their musical gymnastics usually taking place on the roof of the tenement to which they have been apprenticed. There they are to be found every day, summer and winter, squalling in unison, a dozen or more in company, until exhausted. Winter is considered the best season of all for the development of the voice, and the colder the weather the better, since extreme cold is held not only to strengthen the voice, but to augment the register.

A well managed kitchen should bear inspection in every detail, and resentment of that inspection implies carelessness or a foolish prejudice that on the face of it is unreasonable.

The same arguments apply to the maid's own quarters, though no self respecting mistress could for a moment invade unscrupulously the privacy of a servant's personal possessions.

To Develop the Neck.

In exercising to develop the neck the first movement consists in allowing the head to drop gently upon the breast as far forward as it will without strain. Next raise the head and throw it as far back as possible; then forward again, etc., until the movement has been performed 20 times. Next the head is turned as far to the side as possible, the body remaining motionless; the head bent toward the shoulder as low as it will reach without an actual strain of the muscles and tendons. This movement should be practiced also 20 times, the neck first turned to the right and then to the left, ten times on each side. The same movement with the chin raised as high as possible should be repeated in the same fashion, first toward the right, then the left.

Angular English Women.

A thing one notices in London about the women is that they seem to be impervious to changes of temperature. It was exceedingly cold when we arrived—damp, raw and chilly. We Americans put on our woolen dresses and consulted as to the wisdom of taking jackets when we went abroad. The sun was hidden; there were occasional sprinkles of rain; cold air caught you spitefully at street

corners. It was wretched weather. Yet the English women—thin, fragile and delicate—wore their muslin dresses with calm and unmoveable fortitude. A favorite fashion of theirs is a transparent yoke of lace with the bare neck visible through it. In this semi-clad state they walk or drive about, apparently perfectly comfortable, while the perishing American is seriously considering the wisdom of going to the bottom of her trunk for her jacket.

It may be this weakening exposure to the inclemency of a damp and trying climate which makes the English woman so delicate in appearance. One seldom sees those luxuriant, rosy beauties in London that we have always supposed were the British type. As contrary, the type is tall, small boned and exceedingly thin. The English woman of fashion that one sees in the London of today has that kind of figure that the novelists call "willowy"—long in all the lines, very slightly rounded, with the smallest of waists, no hips at all and an inclination to stoop in the shoulders. With this they wear very clinging dresses, long trains and in the evening very decided bodices. The general effect is of something incredibly slim, serpentine and delicate.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Curious Proposals.

Even the harmless necessary cat may be made the medium of a proposal. A modest swain went one evening to the cottage of his ladylove and found her seated by the fire knitting stockings, a large cat at her feet. After sitting some time in silence he took the cat on his knee and said, or, rather, stammered out, "Pussy, ask Lizzie if she'll marry me." Lizzie blushed and said, "I'll see, you can tell Jamie that I'll tak' him."

Another bashful lover presented a prayer book to the object of his preference with the words, "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" underlined. The book was returned with the momentous words, "I will," underlined.

Dr. Thomas Dawson, who was celebrated in the last century, did not propose himself by a book, but was proposed to in this way: One day he found an admiring patient alone, sitting with the physician Bible before her. The physician read the words to which her finger pointed, the words of Nathan to David, "Thou art the man." He took the hint and married the lady.

A man who was a widower for a second time proposed in this lugubrious way: Braving to the lady a bundle of papers tied up with black ribbon, he asked her to read them, as they were the letters written to him by his dear wife and would prove that he was capable of being a good husband. "Perhaps, after going through them you may look with favor on my suit. And don't be in a hurry or answer now. I can wait."

The Countess von Waldersse.

There are many American women who have become noblewomen, but there is only one who has ever become mated to an empress, the Countess von Waldersse, and she not only holds that exalted position, but is also distinguished as being the only American woman who ever became a princess in her own right quite aside from all titles acquired by marriage. The countess is really the Princess de Noer, this title being conferred upon her by the emperor of Austria several years since. Few Americans are congenitally at home with the romantic and remarkable life story of their countrywoman, who has never returned to her native land since she left it, forty-five years since, then a girl in the glory of her beauty and first youth. She has been so closely associated with the exclusive life of the nobility of Berlin that Americans traveling or at home could not know the American woman who is acknowledged to be almost as powerful behind the German throne. This remarkable woman, although the daughter of a New York grocer, married successfully a royal personage, a son of one of the most exclusive families of the proud German nobility. She frankly used her influence to bring about the marriage of the present German emperor and her niece and has proved herself to be a most remarkable matchmaker. Her husband holds one of the highest positions at court because of her influence, and he was sent to China at her request.

Young Old Women.

The surest way of keeping young is to preserve your interest in people and in things. Are modern women more keenly interested in their lives than modern men are in theirs, and is this the secret of their remarkable youthfulness? Certainly the woman's life is perpetually becoming more varied, more full. She does a thousand things now that she used to leave undone. Both in work and in play she is getting to look so preposterously young. She is gazing toward the horizon of time and watching the far-off figures of coming joys against a sky in which there are not so many clouds as there used to be.

Her youth should put man on his mettle. With her beside him he ought to be ashamed to look careworn, to become fat or bald or fretful. Let him imitate woman, and soon we shall have found the philosopher's stone. We shall be what we feel, and we shall feel always—say *22*.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Woman's Retort.

Lawyers not infrequently receive the most provoking retorts from women whom they are trying to confound. A counsel defending a prisoner on trial before an English court for stealing money began his cross examination of the principal witness, a woman, by saying:

"Tell me, my good woman, what sort of money had you?"

"I had 8 shillings in silver and a sovereign in gold."

"Tell me, my good woman," continued the lawyer, with a sneer, intended to confuse the witness, "did you ever see a sovereign in anything else than gold?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the woman, with a calm smile, "I saw Queen Victoria, God bless her!"

The Rights of the Mistress.

The mistress of a household is like the general of an army. Every detail must be familiar to her, and she must exercise entire right of supervision of all departments—rooms, cupboards, drawers, etc.—in her house.

The house is hers, and she is primarily responsible to husband and children also for the cleanliness, order and wholesomeness of that house in its entirety.

Now, this does not mean that she is constantly prying into and invading the servants' quarters, but it does mean that she has every right to go into and periodically inspect the order and cleanliness of the servants' rooms and places.

The commander of a troopship inspects all quarters, even the ladies' cabins.

It has been known that women who represent to householders the interests of their mistresses in the management and arrangement of larders, cupboards, and storerooms. Now, this is an untenable position for both parties.

A well managed kitchen should bear inspection in every detail, and resentment of that inspection implies carelessness or a foolish prejudice that on the face of it is unreasonable.

The same arguments apply to the maid's own quarters, though no self respecting mistress could for a moment invade unscrupulously the privacy of a servant's personal possessions.

To Develop the Neck.

In exercising to develop the neck the first movement consists in allowing the head to drop gently upon the breast as far forward as it will without strain. Next raise the head and throw it as far back as possible; then forward again, etc., until the movement has been performed 20 times. Next the head is turned as far to the side as possible, the body remaining motionless; the head bent toward the shoulder as low as it will reach without an actual strain of the muscles and tendons. This movement should be practiced also 20 times, the neck first turned to the right and then to the left, ten times on each side. The same movement with the chin raised as high as possible should be repeated in the same fashion, first toward the right, then the left.

Train Boys to Be Orderly.

"It is a curious fact," commented a man recently, "that almost no mother realizes the importance of bringing her son up to orderly habits. She impresses

upon her daughters from the time they are old enough to recognize any responsibility the necessity to keep their rooms tidy, put away articles after use and care for their belongings at all times. The boy, however, is exempt from any similar requirement, not only in his own room, but throughout the house. He reads newspapers and throws them on the floor, gets up from a divan leaving the cushions packed and shapeless, without the slightest reproof, the only notice taken of the occurrence, indeed, being to ask a sister, if he has one, to pick up the one and straighten the other. The women of the family follow in his footsteps all day long removing whatever disorder he creates. Yet there is no business occupation upon which that boy will presently enter in which order is not a fundamental necessity. Girls, on the other hand, do not, as a rule, suffer so seriously from a lack of order, or at least consequences from it as the case with boys."

The Queen and Her Dogs.

Victoria raised the Scotch collie to its proud position of the most popular dog in England, it having no mean reputation in Scotland. She owned and loved two collies, Sharp and Noble, which accompanied her daily on her rides about the country. When children came to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, they, too, had their pet dogs. Perhaps the setters and spaniels were their best known playfellow. Those dogs are painted the oft-est with the group of the prince and princesses. As house dogs the queen found the Dandie Dinmonts unmatched for faithfulness. The Skyes were also pets both at Windsor and at Balmoral castle.

But winter came and sickness, and the mother flew away on the wings of the snow. And then the little boy was lonely, for his father loved only his gun and the game he would shoot and spent days and days in the forest, leaving the child alone, with no one to talk to, no one to sing to him, no one to care for him when he hurt his little hands in play.

So it happened that gradually he ceased to play. His heart ached for companionship, but there was no other child for miles to play with. Then he went into the forest and talked to the flowers and the grasses, and they understood, but could not help him. Then he talked to the trees, but they were too busy with the clouds to notice him. So then he sought a creek that ran near by, and day after day would he come and sit on a rock and talk to it, and the creek seemed to answer him, yet he grew more and more lonely.

One day he sat weeping in his accustomed place when who should come up but the snake doctor, hurrying to the snake country to cure a patient. He had wings with which to fly very swiftly, just as a doctor has his carriage to take him in a hurry to you or to me. And in his flight the snake doctor saw the weeping child and paused. "Ho, ho!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

But the boy only cried the more. "Ah, I see. You are lonely, with your father off in the woods. Well, what you want is company. Now, in my country we have plenty of it. It's the best tonic in the world for young people."

So the doctor talked on, fluttering his wings all the time as if he were going to fly away the next moment. The boy was so glad to have any one to talk to that he dreaded to have the doctor leave him, and he cried out to him: "Will you take me there with you?"

Now this surprised the snake doctor, and he answered:

"I hadn't thought of that, but I'll do what I can. I'll bring some young snakes to play with you."

And before the boy could thank him off flew the snake doctor and disappeared from view.

All day the boy waited, and at sunset down two snakes came and talked to him. They were very gay and told him tales that made him laugh and cry in turns, and then, when he was tired, they told him they would come at sunset next day.

So they did and the next and the next, and so on day after day. They brought the boy handfuls of rattles and beautiful striped skins that had been shed, and he played with them. And sometimes they would talk of their own country and its wonders. They told how their king had eyes as big as wheels and a tongue forked like a rake, and so many things did they tell him that at last the boy begged them to take him to the snake country.

When they came to the borderland, where the sentinels reared themselves like rushes.

"Let me pass unharmed or off comes the head of your brother," said the man.

And when they saw the lassoed snake they let him pass. So they went on until they came to the king, and of him the father demanded his son. The boy came, with his two friends twined about him, but he refused to go back.

"You do not love me! You were not good to me. You love only your hunting."

"Oh, my son! Come back!" the father begged.

"No," said the boy; "your gun is more your son than I. Let it serve you." And he turned and went back to the care of the rattlesnakes.

Sadly the father departed, holding the lassoed snake until he reached the borders, when he let it go.

After that he went about laughing to himself, seeing strange things and hearing uncanny sounds. He never saw his son again. But one day the son saw him as he played with his friends, hidden in an old skin. He laughed in his sport, and the father heard it and started up.

"It is only an echo from the hills mocking me!" he said. "I hear what is not, and what is I do not hear."

Then the boy went home with his snake friends, and from that day he put on the snakeskin forever.

"I will never leave you, my brothers," he said.

And if you met him today you could not tell him from a real snake. He knows, and sometimes he leads his brothers away from men in his play for them, and so he is the link of sympathy between snakes and man.—*Edward Courtney in Philadelphia Times*.

Holidays.
Dorothy her wish would speak,
She'd have her birthday every week.
Just think! And when the year is through
Her age would gain by fifty-two!

If Harriet could have her way,
It would be always Christmas day.
She wishes Santa Claus would come
And make her chimney place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice,
The time when all the boys rejoice;
But if that day were always here
We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And marry old St. Valentine
Would be the choice of Angeline.
But, ah, I know it that were so
The postman all on strike would got

Go don't you think perhaps it's best
For holidays as well to rest
And be on hand with joy and cheer
Just once in all the great long year;

So they paused, and, unwrapping the

A Legend of the Snake Country

Once upon a time, long, long, ago, there was a certain great old forest.

You can't begin to guess how old the forest was and how for century after century in the very heart of it dwelt the snakes as its lords and masters.

In another part of the forest, miles and miles away from its heart, was a little cabin, where lived a hunter with his young wife and their little boy. He was a very little boy then, and his mother loved him very dearly. She sung to him through the day and crooned a cradle song to him at even, and the little boy was happy indeed in such love.

But winter came and sickness, and the mother flew away on the wings of the snow.

And then the little boy was lonely, for his father loved only his gun and the game he would shoot and spend days and days in the forest, leaving the child alone, with no one to talk to, no one to sing to him, no one to care for him when he hurt his little hands in play.

</div

IN HIS OLD HOME

President's Body Taken to His Canton Cottage.

THE LYING IN STATE.

For Five Hours Old Neighbors Passed the Bier.

MANY PATHETIC SCENES.

Many Thousand Persons Show Their Grief For Their Fellow Townsmen. All Canton Draped In Somber Lines. Bereaved Wife Spends Her Last Night With the Husband Who Had Devoted His Life to Her.

Canton, O., Sept. 19.—At home! The long journey of years and miles was ended yesterday here in the little Ohio railway town. In the chapel ardent within the stately courthouse reposed the coffin of William McKinley.

His friends in life, humble, honest folk for the most part, have passed by the bier with straining, streaming eyes, missing as they went the details which have given such trouble to the chief men and women of the place.

As at Buffalo, as at Washington, as on the funeral train coming hither, a soldier with fixed bayonet stood at the head, a sailor with drawn cutlass at the foot, a sailor and soldier at either side, a row of armed sailors on the east side of the chamber and a row of marines on the west.

Against the black walls and ceiling the great wreaths and crosses of costly flowers, rare roses, orchids, lilies of the valley, asters and gladioli gave vivid flashes of color to the scene. The coffin had white roses, resting on the Union flag. But the people passing had only faint perception of all this. There was a passion of regard for the dead president in their hearts that brought tears into their eyes. They dashed these out to look into the open coffin, and then as they were hurried on they bowed their heads until they were out in the open again on the north porch of the building.

Where the Weeping Widow Waited.

After the closing in of night, when the whole town and country hereabout had passed its fifty thousand living persons through the courthouse halls, the body was taken to the humble McKinley homestead, a bare quarter of a mile away, up Market street. And there the heartbroken widow awaited it—most touching, appealing scene of all.

One had to walk out there while the long lines were passing through the courthouse to know to the very marrow what that last homecoming meant. It was not too palace or colonial castle that this ruler of nearly eighty million souls went home to. It has been described before. Its homely features have been pictured a hundred times—the plain wooden house of two stories, its porch and its little strip of lawn, the green grass level with the street, the few maples and birches shading it.

These things are remembered. But one thing came into view. It was but this spring that this great president, planning for the days when he would no longer be chief magistrate, had resolved to make this home more comfortable for his friends and himself and had, added—what? A new wing? A great stable? No, only a broad veranda on the western side where a beautifully symmetrical maple, the gem of his dozen trees, stands quite alone in the grass, and he would have the lawn nicely kept with small beds of simple flowers. Yet it had been given a new coat of paint. Pardon these poor details, for now there is pathos in every one of them.

For his wife, for his friends, for himself last of all, they were planned. Remembering the proud, solemn gathering at the capitol of the nation on Tuesday, the sympathy and concern of the kings and lords of the earth over the death of this man. It goes home hard to one that the utmost this man had imagined for his after years was a two-story home on a lot of 100 feet front in a country town, with a new veranda facing the west.

Canton's Signs of Grief.

Coming back from Market street one sees the modest homes of the president's neighbors—the doctor, the judge, the widow, the storekeeper, the manufacturer—some in brick, some in wood, like his.

The town has thrown arches of solid black across the street. It has swathed the telegraph and electric light poles on each side of the street in black and wound white muslin slantwise around them. There are draped and pendant flags and crepe edged pictures of McKinley on the doors and houses along all the three-quarters of a mile or so to the railroad station. The courthouse is draped in black and white with taste and generosity.

Canton has done its best and has in

an exterior sense done handsomely by its great dead, but it is in the soul part, in the human tribute, that it has done nobly.

Throughout yesterday afternoon a ceaseless human tide pressed steadily forward to the bier. Four abreast in double line without a moment's halt the people hurried by the casket and then, with tear stained faces, passed out of the darkened chamber into the bright sunlight.

In the line were represented all stations in life, all ages, all conditions. At one moment an old man, bent and withered, who had known "Mother" McKinley, tottered up to gaze upon the silent features. He was followed by a man of middle age who had gone to school with McKinley. Over on one side was the Knight Templar who had marched beside McKinley in parades. All who came had some recollection of personal relation with the man lying there cold in death. Fathers brought their children and held them over the bier for a fleeting glance at the upturned face. A sleeping babe was roused by its mother for a sight its little mind could not comprehend. Toilers came from the factories and dinner pails in hand, trooped by the bier of him whom they called their benefactor and their friend. Now and then knots of school children hurried past, never struck at the gloom of this chamber of death.

Many Pathetic Scenes.

Often the guarding soldiers were compelled to step forward and gently restrain a hand that sought a bloom from off the flower decked casket. It was plain that a great flood of emotion was up in the hearts of these sorrowing people. Strong men made no concealment of their grief, their tense faces and tearful eyes telling the sense of personal bereavement which had come upon them. Many women wept, and during the afternoon one young girl gave way to her feeling by loud wails which re-echoed through the darkened corridors. As the people hurried by they gave expression to suppressed exclamations of anguish at the sight of the pinched face lying there in the coffin. It was not the face they had known so well, and almost without exception the people turned away regretful that they had not retained in their minds that picture of manly vigor which they knew so well. Many of his nearest friends refrained from looking upon the face, preferring to preserve the memory of him as in life.

Later in the afternoon an aged man, leaning upon two crutches which he managed with difficulty, appeared at the door through which the people were making their exit. He asked the sentry to allow him to enter, and when the soldier refused, saying that he had received orders to allow nobody through that door, the old man stood back the picture of woe. In a short time he again asked the young sentry in pleading tones to allow him entrance through the doorway, saying that in his feeble condition he was not able to stand in the line which at that time extended fully a mile from the entrance.

"I fought in his regiment during the war," he said, "and I just want to lay this flag on my coffin and then keep it as a remembrance of the time I saw him last."

"Take it in," said the sentry, and the veteran hobbled into the hall.

When he got inside, he had more trouble and was compelled to explain his errand several times. Finally the line passing the coffin was stopped long enough to allow the old man to step to its side for a glance into the coffin and to lay his tiny flag on its glass front. Then he turned back with the crowd hugging the now sanctified flag tightly beneath his coat.

Schoolgirls' Tribute.

At one time a group of schoolgirls approached the casket. There were six of them and they came three abreast. One in the forward row leaned over for a look and gently disengaged from the bosom of her dress a scarlet geranium and laid it gently on the top of the wreaths that already rested there. The others followed her example, and although the sentries had orders to permit nobody to place anything upon the coffin or to touch the floral offerings that were already there the little tributes were allowed to remain, and they were still on the top of the coffin when it was carried through the door on its way to the McKinley cottage.

Porto Rico in Mourning.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Sept. 19.—Reports from nearly all the towns of Porto Rico show that the people will hold appropriate memorial observances today. In San Juan Governor Hunt, Bishop Blank and other Protestant clergymen and a dozen native orators will take part in the services to be held in the theater. Ponce and Mayaguez will pay similar tributes of respect to the late president. Everywhere the people silently mourn. Governor Hunt has directed that all the public departments be closed for the day and has requested the people to abstain from their usual vocations in memory of the illustrious dead.

Steel Trust Mills Close.

Pittsburgh, Sept. 19.—By orders from President Schwab of the United States Steel corporation all the mills of the Carnegie company, National Steel, American Steel Hoop, American Sheet Steel, American Steel and Wire, American Tin Plate, American Bridge, Federal Steel and Shelly Tuber companies, employing 150,000 men, are closed in honor of the memory of President McKinley. Many independent mills, the Westinghouse interests, glass factories and all the coal mines in this district are closed, as well as the exposition, theaters, city, county and state offices and business houses.

Mrs. McKinley Exhausted.

Canton, O., Sept. 19.—Judge Day called at the McKinley house last evening, and when he came out and was asked about the condition of Mrs. McKinley he shook his head gravely and said that she was utterly exhausted. She went directly to her own room on her arrival, and Dr. Rixey remained in the house all night to be within quick reach in case Mrs. McKinley took a serious turn for the worse.

pastor of the late president's church, will deliver the only address.

A quartet will sing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and another quartet will render Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." An imposing procession, consisting of many of the G. A. R. posts in the state, the national guard of Ohio, details of regulars from all branches of the service, fraternal, social and civic organizations and representatives of commercial bodies from all over the country, the governors of several states, with their staffs; the house and senate of the United States and the cabinet and the president, will follow the remains to Westlawn cemetery, where they will be placed in a receiving vault awaiting the time when they will be laid in the grave beside the two dead children who were buried there last night.

Memorial Services in Montreal.

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Nonsectarian Mass Meeting.

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Fast Day in Canada.

Ottawa, Sept. 19.—A proclamation has been issued by the secretary of state by command of Lord Minto, governor general of Canada, appointing today a day of fast and general mourning throughout the Dominion in account of the bereavement which has befallen the people of the United States by the death of their chief magistrate.

Memorial Services in Holland.

The Hague, Sept. 19.—Dr. Kuypers, the premier of the Netherlands, and other members of the cabinet, with representatives of Queen Wilhelmina and the royal family, attended the memorial services yesterday for the late President McKinley in the Episcopal church. They were received by the United States minister, Stamford Newell.

Mexican Chamber Adjoins.

City of Mexico, Sept. 19.—The chamber of deputies of Mexico by a unanimous vote decided to suspend its session today, to drape its tribunes in mourning for three days, to cause the Mexican flag to be hoisted over the congress building for the same length of time and to send a message of condolence to Washington.

Salutes at Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, Sept. 19.—From noon on salutes of twenty-one minute guns will be fired from the garrison battery, the British channel squadron, the United States training ship *Alliance* and the German ship *Charlotte*, on board of which is Prince Adalbert, the third son of Emperor William.

Memorial Services in Jamaica.

Kingston, Sept. 19.—It has been arranged to suspend business today during the memorial service here in honor of the late President McKinley, which will be held in the principal church of the island. The governor will be present, and the service will be of a military character.

Third Party Convention.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 19.—The delegates representing seven political parties of reform who came here to the allied third party conference held their first joint session last night after two days of separate conference meetings behind closed doors. All the preliminary work of naming the new political party, which is to be a union of all reform parties, was done by the conference committee of the several delegations before the delegates met last night. It was decided that the new party is to be called the Allied party, and a platform embodying principles was agreed upon by the conference committee.

Sir Claude Macdonald Here.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Sir Claude Macdonald, the British ambassador at Tokyo and who figured conspicuously in China during the Boxer insurrection, has arrived here with Lady Macdonald, en route to his Japanese post. He has been ordered back after a couple of months at home. Sir Claude is spending a short time in this country sightseeing. After visiting the capital he leaves for Boston, Newport, Buffalo, Montreal and Toronto. He will resume charge of British affairs in Japan on Oct. 20.

Peary Finds Goldfields.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 19.—A strange story from the frozen north is brought to Sydney by one of the crew of the Peary relief steamer *Erie*. He says he has reason to believe that gold or other valuable minerals has been discovered by Lieutenant Peary during his stay up north. The discovery is said to be the cause of the quarrel between Dr. Deardorff and Lieutenant Peary, as the explorer will not let the doctor share in the benefits of the find.

Australian Parliament Adjoins.

Melbourne, Sept. 19.—The federal parliament and the various state legislatures have adjourned out of respect for the late President McKinley.

Plague in India Increasing.

London, Sept. 19.—A dispatch from Simla to The Times says the plague report for last week shows 6,385 deaths against 4,922 in the preceding week and 1,136 in the corresponding week last year. Most of the deaths were in Bombay presidency.

Hindoo Maharajah Accused.

London, Sept. 19.—A dispatch from Simla announces that the maharajah of Panna has been suspended from exercising sovereignty and has been removed to Sutia, Rewa state. He is suspected of poisoning his uncle.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

Emma Goldman has been held in \$20,000 bail in a Chicago court.

The Marquis Ito has left Yokohama on a tour of the United States and Europe.

The trotting match at Rendville set for Friday between Crescents and The Abbot has been declared off.

Twenty-five thousand steel strikers have gone back to work. The workers in the tin plate mills, having failed to receive satisfactory information from President Shaffer regarding the terms under which the strike has been called off, will leave the Amalgamated association and will appeal directly to the American Tin Plate company.

All thought of her attending the funeral services was abandoned last night.

Many Callers at London Embassy.

London, Sept. 19.—The United States embassy had an exceedingly busy day yesterday. There was a constant stream of callers to express condolence in addition to the applicants for seats at the abbey service. Schomberg McDonnell, principal private secretary to the prime minister, left Lord Salisbury's card. The Russian ambassador and other prominent persons called. Lord Roberts had a long interview with Mr. Choate and expressed condolences in behalf of the British army.

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Nonsectarian Mass

THE HERALD.

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B. M. TILTON,
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[Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1901.

It was a day of mourning and prayer.

The man who says, "I am an anarchist," is now perfectly understood. His language is equivalent to "I am a murderer."

The Knights of Pythias are ashamed of Wellington, also, and are to renounce him as a brother, according to a news despatch.

The anarchist problem has forced itself upon the people. It is imperatively necessary to stamp out a system of assassination.

If the anarchists are to arm themselves with stones as Emma Goldman directs, it is no more than fair that Emma should help break the stones.

President McKinley's body was committed to the earth just a fortnight from the day on which he delivered his last and perhaps his greatest speech.

Once in jail, anarchists seem to prefer to stay there. It is the safest place for them, they think. Not only for them, we should say, but for all the world.

Not every Pole is a bad Pole, no more than every Czolgosz is a bad Czolgosz. A brother of the overbearing infamies Leon fought worthily under the Stars and Stripes.

"It will be strange, indeed," says the "Wall Street Journal," speaking of the crimes and co-piracies of the anarchists, "if American vengeance does not strike home with all the traditional force and thoroughness of American methods."

Unless the foul-killer reaches him before the assembling of Congress, Senator Wellington of Maryland will doubtless be expelled from the U. S. senate on account of his cold-blooded remarks on hearing of the president's assassination.

There ought to be a distant island somewhere in the territory of the United States where anarchists can be deported and left to form a new and permanent "group." When consigned to each other's company exclusively they will have no further trouble with civilization.

The solemn progress of the funeral train, first to Washington and then to Canton, must have reminded many men of the scenes following the first great tragedy of this kind in America when President Lincoln was borne through mourning cities to his last resting place.

The laws of France cut off anarchist from notoriety. Their trials are not reported in the newspapers. In case of capital punishment the execution is not described and the burial place is secret. These regulations are due to the fact that vanity is a ruling passion with anarchist assassins.

It is no hollow truism and it is no mere common-place to say that the nation is strong because it has had to meet a heavy trial in the murder of its chief magistrate. It is a simple fact, and the signs of it and the results of it cannot escape any one. Sentiment is nearer united, devotion to country is set upon perceptually higher plane, the feeling of brotherhood has achieved victories, that should be lasting, in new strongholds. Profoundly as it has been moved and softened by the events of the last ten days, the heart of America beats with a firmer, the sturdier pulse. The spectacle of a nation plunged into grief

constitutes its strength then the spectacle of a nation aroused and under arms.

We can rely on the first assurance of President Roosevelt that he will continue "absolutely unbroken" the policy of his predecessor, and it is premature to discuss plans and details that are so profitably attributed to him without authority. We may be sure that he is not himself discussing them at this time, and the numerous reports of his utterances and purposes are not worthy of credit, however characteristic they may appear to be. They are mostly based upon conjecture and surmise, drawn from his statements in the past and expressions picked up at second hand that he may have dropped in recent conversations. In due time, no occasion offers, we shall have our own official declarations and acts in pursuance of the general policy, the outlines of which are already familiar.

The structural success of the Russian battleship Retzian is a triumph, so far as goes, for American ship-building. The ship has not yet quite attained her full official speed, but will undoubtedly do so. Her predecessor, the cruiser Varyag, is regarded as a decided and important acquisition in the Russian navy. The United States is building a great navy for herself, but she is not in such haste to have it done that she can pause to construct battle ships for Russia, Japan and other nations. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in connection with the Varyag and the Retzian, that circumstances are not conceivable in which they could turn their guns against the country that built them. We shall even get some benefit, for our own navy, from the improvements which have been introduced in the Retzian, and from the experience gained by the builders in their construction. It is an instructive thought that a country which can so satisfactorily produce ships of war for other nations ought to be able to produce enough ships of peace to carry its own commerce.

Health for 10 Cents.

A lively liver, pure blood, clean skin, bright eyes, perfect health—Cascarets Candy Cathartic will obtain and secure them for you. Genuinely tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, inc.

RICE'S EVANGELINE.

New plays come and go, and few there are which enthrall the second season. Those that do are regarded as phenomenal, and playwrights at once begin to investigate the secret of their success, and to evolve a stage entertainment based upon similar lines. Such has been the fate of Mr. Edward E. Rice's Evangeline, which has retained its popularity with the masses for over twenty-five years. No one, however, has successfully duplicated its hundred or more delightful features. At its re-production Monday night at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, in its new garb and brilliant scenic surroundings, Evangeline was as wholesome, bright and entertaining as when it first delighted Boston play goers for nearly three hundred consecutive nights. Of course, much has been done in the way of changing the music and finishing up the "situations" and "business" of the piece, but the framework of the old Evangeline (and a better structure for burlesque could not be found) is there, and a cast in every way capable delights the enormous crowds now witnessing the popular piece.

O. U. A. M. RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The O. U. A. M. is an American and patriotic order, believing in the constitution of the United States and in the loyalty of its members to the glorious flag of our country; and

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove from the head of our government our beloved and honored chief magistrate; be it

Resolved, That the members of Portsmouth council, No. 8, O. U. A. M., bow in humble submission unto him whom God rules the universe and who doeth all things well, and will strive ever to keep in mind and to emulate the patriotism, integrity and high moral character of our late beloved president, leaving in us so doing, when the day comes when we shall fit worthy join him who has but gone before, we shall have left the world better for our having lived, as he has done, be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, out of respect to him; be it further

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to her who knew him best, and we humbly trust that God in infinite mercy may sustain and strengthen her in this her hour of deepest sorrow, and may the thought that the people loved him and with her in thought and prayer serve as a comfort to her; and be it further

Resolved, That having the utmost confidence in the high character, courage and wisdom of our president, we are firmly resolved, as American citizens, to do our duty and tender him our strongest support as an order and as individuals in the high positions which he has been called upon to fill.

CHARLES B. ALLEN,
JOSEPH C. PITTICKOW,
FRANK C. LANSLEY.

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spectacle of a nation plunged into grief

may be no less a convincing demonstration of that unanimity of feeling which arrived in town on Thursday morning.

IS NOW INCORPORATED.

The Newmarket and Exeter Street railway company filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state Tuesday. The capital stock of the company is \$75,000. The standard gauge is to be used. The incorporators are: Wallace D. Lovell, Newton; John H. Griffin, Newmarket; Samuel W. Emery, Portsmouth; Warren Brown, Hampton; A. E. McLean, Exeter; Frank H. Durgin, George E. Joy, Charles W. Chapman, Alanson C. Haines, L. E. Chase, Joseph Pinkham, T. B. Robinson, I. W. Doeg, Charles H. Hurd, George L. Hodgman, E. P. Pinkham, Thomas Reiley, Newmarket; C. W. Taylor, H. S. Stone, B. L. Perkins, George A. Carlisle, Exeter; A. M. Treffethen, Warren Brown, Portsmouth; Ebene Fiske, Exeter; William Burlingame, Exeter; John W. Dow, Seabrook; Edwin L. Pride, Somerville.

STATE NEWS.

Danville has a horse distemper. A drum corps is to be organized at Newfields.

Harvey Kent of Exeter has fodder corn over 18 feet high.

Extensive repairs have been made upon the Exeter town hall.

Repairs are being made upon the Catholic church at Newmarket.

A parochial school with 114 scholars has been opened in Newmarket.

One hundred and twenty-five new students entered Phillips' Exeter academy this year.

Thomas A. Brown of Hampton has bought the Fred W. Rollins place at Exeter for \$1,500.

W. L. Barker of Stratham has bought the Copeland farm at Mansfield, Mass., paying therefor \$10,000.

Matilda B., widow of Albert Lane, of Exeter, died Sept. 7, aged 72 years. She was born in Manchester.

Enoch F. Hoitt of Atkinson died Sept. 10, as the result of a fall down a stair way. His age was 76 years.

There is a movement to place the books of the Hampton Falls Unitarian Sunday school in the public library.

The post of town bell ringer of Exeter will become vacant Oct. 1, when Thomas Bell, the present incumbent, will remove from town.

Dr. E. I. Sawyer of Exeter has sold his residence to Dr. Alice G. Chesley, and on October 1 will retire from practice in that town because of ill health.

The Sons of Rest of Newfields have elected these officers: Jeremiah Towle, president; James O. Pike, vice president; Plummer Thompson, secretary; George L. Chase, treasurer; B. P. Doe, athletic manager; D. C. Wiggin, librarian; J. H. Chesley, committee on enter- tainments.

Reginald C. Stockell, of the class last graduated from the Exeter High school, has been awarded a \$500 scholarship at the New Hampshire college at Durham for passing the best entrance examination this fall. His classmates, Henry L. Hayes of Exeter, Mark F. Piper of Stratham, and John L. Rundall of Lee, have entered the college.

AT RYE.

At Rye, the memorial services were held at the Christian church and were presided over by Emmons Philbrick.

Addressess were delivered by the resident ministers and many of the prominent residents.

RACES!

GRANITE STATE PARK,

KITTERY'S MEMORIAL SERVICE.

All the clergymen and others take part in the tributes to Mr. McKinley.

The people of Kittery united in paying tribute to the memory of William McKinley, at the Second Methodist church at three o'clock Thursday afternoon. The attendance was very large. There were appropriate decorations.

The speakers were Rev. George Clark Andrews, Rev. Edward G. Hall, Rev. D. C. Loucks, Rev. Victor Morse, Rev. Henry V. Emmons of Kittery Point, Rev. Joel Ward and Charles C. Smith, Esq., and Judge James W. Locke of the United States district court.

The regular choir of the church furnished the music. Among the soloists were "Never My God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light" and "America."

KITTERY.

Miss Annie Gerry has returned home from York, where she has been working during the summer.

George Dinsmore has returned home from Lynn, where he has been employed on the electric road.

Melvin Stimson has been restricted to his home by a badly sprained ankle.

Miss Haunah Beau is visiting friends in Massachusetts.

New Departure

I have a new stock of

Wall Papers and Paints

Which I can furnish at Lowest Prices.

Charles E. Walker,
Government St., Kittery, Me.

YORK.

YORK, N. H., Sept. 20.

An impressive memorial service was held in the First Congregational church, Thursday afternoon, with a very large attendance. Rev. S. K. Perkins, the pastor presided and addresses were made by Rev. Frank Sewell of Washington, D. C., J. T. Davidson of York, Rev. Ralph Wells of New York, Rev. Elihu Snow of York beach. Miss Maud E. Sewell of Washington presided at the organ, and special music was furnished by a double quartet, consisting of Messrs. Fellows, Fisher and Davidon, Misses Paul, Sewall and Marshall, and Mrs. Banks. The church was appropriately draped in black and white bunting, with altar and chancel backed with wild flowers and green. The G. A. R. was present in a body. Many eloquent and glowing tributes were paid to the memory of the martyred president.

The drinking fountain has arrived, and is being placed in position at the village.

H. W. Mason is adding a large bath house to his bathing establishment.

Gibson L. Moulton entered Dartmouth college this week.

The Harmon House closed this week, also Hotel Albraca.

RACES!

DOVER, N. H.

Next week the Granite State Park will give a fall meet of four days. This will probably be the last meet of the season, and a good wind up is assured. Races will be held September 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, and fourteen classes have been arranged. The entries are all filled and include a 2.07 class pace and 2.10 class trot. The best of the talent are expected, as the horsesmen will have compete apart to be out of common focus. The fall photograph ought only to be used as a last resort, but they are so easily made that they are resorted to on the slightest provocation.

These photographs come into play mainly when group pictures are wanted, and the shears and pastepot go far to their making. For instance, suppose an ocean liner is to sail on which are booked a few senators, a duke, a party of jockeys and a popular actress. To get the picture of the pier and ship is an easy matter, but to be fortunate enough to obtain at the same time those of the well known passengers is a different matter.

This difficulty is got around by the photographer first getting the picture of the surrounding as a background and then taking on separate plates those of such of the voyagers required of whom they happen not to have a photo in stock. After these are developed the pictures of the individuals are cut out, after first being reduced to the necessary size, pasted on the desired background, and the whole is reproduced, generally in half tone. In this way are taken the pictures of the high divers who are cleverly transposed to the top of photographs of high poles or spring boards. As may be inferred by this "unprofessional" method, a subject may be placed in any background.

Then there are the freak photographs, a combination of fortuitous circumstances for which the amateur is generally responsible. But that is another story.—New York Mail and Express.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Local talent will produce King Jol

ity at Claremont Sept. 24 and 25.

Richard Mansfield's company began

rehearsals of Monsieur Beaucaire, Sept. 24.

Mrs. James A. Herne will produce

Sag Harbor this season with George

Woodward and Miss Chrystal Herne in

the leading roles.

On the New Hampshire circuit this

week: The Bennett-Moulton company,

and the Cook-Church company in rep-

ertoire, The Span of Life, Our New

Minister, Kiett's Vandeville Stars, The

American Girl.

John Dunsmuir, who for the past

two seasons has been the basso of The

Bostonians, was engaged by Kirke La

Shelle last week to play the role of the

Duke of Burgundy in Princess Chic,

EASTERN DIVISION

Summer Arrangement, In Effect June 24

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston, 3:50, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 10:55,

11:25 a.m., 1:30, 2:21, 2:45, 5:00, 6:35,

7:25 p.m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00 a.m.,

2:21, 6:00 p.m.

For Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a.m., 2:45,

8:50, 11:20 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45

a.m., 8:50, 11:20 p.m.

For Wells-Beach, 9:55 a.m., 2:45, 5:22

p.m. Sunday, 8:30 a.m.

For Old Orchard and Portland, 9:55

a.m., 2:45, 5:22 p.m. Sunday, 8:30,

10:45 a.m.

For North Conway, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 3:00

p.m.

For Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55,

11:15 a.m., 2:40, 3:00, 5:25, 5:30 p.m.

Sunday, 8:30 a.m., 1:30, 5:00 p.m.

For Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 2:40,

3:00, 5:22, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 5:00

p.m.

For Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a.m., 12:25, 2:40,

5:22, 8:52 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:48

a.m., 1:30, 5:00, 8:52 p.m.

For North Hampton and Hampton, 7:30,

8:15, 11:05 a.m., 1:38, 2:21, 5:00

p.m. Sunday, 8:00 a.m., 2:21, 6:00,

6:35 p.m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston, 6:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:40, 10:10,

a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 3:15, 3:40, 4:45, 7:00,

9:45 p.m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:30, 9:00 a.m.,

6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p.m.

Leave Portland, 2:00, 8:00 a.m., 12:45,

1:40, 6:00 p.m. Sunday, 2:00 a.m.,

12:45 p.m.

Leave North Conway, 7:25, 10:40 a.m.,

3:15 p.m.

Leave Rochester, 7:10, 9:47 a.m., 12:49,

5:30 p.m. Sunday, 7:00 a.m.

Leave Somersworth, 6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a.m.,

1:02, 5:44 p.m. Sunday, 12:30,

4:12, 6:58 p.m.

Leave Dover, 6:55, 10:24 a.m., 1:40,

4:25, 6:30, 9:20 p.m. Sunday, 7:30

a.m., 12:45, 4:25, 9:20 p.m.

Leave Hampton, 7:50, 9:22, 11:58 a.m.,

2:13, 4:26, 4:59, 6:16 p.m. Sunday,

G:26, 10:06 a.m., 8:00 p.m.

Leave North Hampton, 8:02, 9:28, 12:04 a.m., 2:19, 4:31, 6:05, 6:21 p.m. Sunday,

6:30, 10:12 a.m., 8:15 p.m.

Leave Greenland, 8:08, 9:35 a.m., 12:10,

2:25, 5:11, 6:27 p.m. Sunday, 6:35

10:18 a.m., 8:20 p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 8:30 a.m.; 12:45, 5:25 p.m.

Greenland Village, 8:30 a.m.; 12:54,

6:33 p.m.

Rockingham Junction, 9:07 a.m.; 10:7,

5:58 p.m.

Epping, 9:22, a.m.; 1:21, 6:14 p.m.

Raymond, 9:32 a.m.; 1:32, 6:25 p.m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7:45, 10:25 p.m.; 3:30 p.m.

Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a.m.; 4:20 p.m.

Raymond, 9:10, 11:48 a.m.; 5:02 p.m.

Epping, 9:22 a.m.; 12:00 m.; 5:15 p.m.

Rockingham Junction, 9:47 a.m., 13:17,

6:55 p.m.

Greenland Village, 10:01 a.m., 12:29

6:08 p.m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction

For Exeter, Rye, Lawrence

and Boston. Trains connect at Man-

chester and Concord for Plymouth,

Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury,

Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

North Hampton only.

Information given, through tick-

ets sold and baggage checked to all

points, at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R. R.

Leave Portsmouth, 7:50, 11:20 a.m., 12:45,

3:07, 4:55, 6:45 p.m.

Leave York Beach, 6:45, 9:50 a.m., 12:10,

1:25, 4:10, 5:50 p.m.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & P. A.

U. S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 122.

GOVERNMENT BOAT,

FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8:20, 8:40, 9:15,

10:00, 10:30, 11:30 a.m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00,

4:00, 5:00, 5:45, 7:45 p.m. Sundays,

10:00, 10:15 a.m.; 12:15, 12:35 p.m.

Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a.m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 9:50, 9:30

10:15, 11:00 a.m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30,

4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 7:00 p.m. Sundays,

10:07 a.m., 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p.m.

Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m.

Wednesday and Saturday.

We Are Now Receiving Two

Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE

HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock

and constant shipments en-

sure the newest cements.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

187 MARKET ST.

An important real estate deal was

consummated in this city on Walney

day, the 18th inst.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

187 MARKET ST.

A. W. WALKER

18

